THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Here and There.

HER Majesty has been obliged to give up her intention of opening Parliament in person, in consequence of her late indisposition.

Mr. Gladstone's relaxation during the recess has been to fell trees and saw planks for joiners' work. Getting his hand in for dealing with other wooden materials no doubt.

Captain the Hon. Ernest Cochrane, commanding her Majesty's ship Petrel on the West coast of Africa, writes, under date of January 9, 1870:—

"A few lines to tell you Dr. Livingstone has been killed and burnt by the natives ninety days' journey from the Congo. He passed through a native town, and was three days on his journey when the king of the town died. The natives declared Livingstone had bewitched him, sent after him, told him he had bewitched their king, and he must die. They then killed him and burnt him. This news comes by a Portuguese trader travelling that way. Livingstone was on the lakes at the head of the Congo, making his way to the Congo, where he was going to come out. I believe this news to be true."

Miss Neilson has met with an accident which will prevent her appearance at the Gaiety Theatre for a few days. On Monday evening she was accidentally struck on the head by one of the rollers connected with the scenery at the back of the stage, and an injury was inflicted from which she is now suffering somewhat severely.

Mr. Freeman writes: "I am very far from being dissatisfied with the present state of the controversy. I have received an amount of sympathy, public and private, which I should not have ventured to hope for. And the very subterfuges to which the defenders of cruelty are driven are themselves cheering. Few are found bold enough to allow that they seek their pleasure in the infliction of pain. They undoubtedly do so; for the infliction of pain is not an accident, but the essence of 'sport;' still, that they do not like to confess it is something."

The reports of the proceedings at the Œcumenical Council are varied by a *bon mot*, attributed to a French bishop. A reverend Father, speaking on a certain topic, and urging the adoption of "gentle measures," confirmed his views by quoting the popular axiom, "*Melle capiuntur muscæ*—flies are caught in honey." "Very true," the French bishop remarked, "*sed ut occidentur*—but in order that they may be killed."

Sir George Bowyer is going to Rome, to take his turn in guarding the door of the Council Chamber. Sir George owes this distinction to the fact of his being a Knight of Malta, to which order this duty has been entrusted.

Lord —— is at the head of two establishments; one situated in Belgravia, one in the tranquil groves of the Evangelist. While at the theatre the other night, he received a message to say that "her ladyship" was dead. "Which one?" asked the broken-hearted peer.

According to a Paris paper there has existed for some time in that city a club, consisting chiefly of rich merchants, formed for the purpose of enabling its members to witness public executions. This club has made an arrangement with the proprietor of a wineshop in the Place de la Roquette, whose windows are immediately opposite to the spot where the guillotine is erected. Whenever an execution is to take place, the members of the club pass the night at this wineshop over a bowl of punch, so as to be ready for a good view when the "interesting moment" arrives. The following is a specimen of the circular which is sent to the members by the secretary of the club previous to an execution:—"Je suis heureux d'avoir à vous annoncer que c'est demain l'exécution de ——. N'y manquez pas, il a peur de la mort, ce sera drôle."

A successor to Troppmann has been found in the person of François Lathoubert, a domestic servant, who has committed a murder of great atrocity within the last week in Paris. His mistress accused him, with perfect justice, of being intoxicated, when he cut her throat.

The following suggestive anecdote is related of the late Victor Noir:—M. Salmon, it seems, being about to start a political paper, had been advised by some one to adopt as its motto *Non serviam*, and hurried to a friend to know what it meant. "Mean? why, 'I will not serve;' 'I will not be a slave;' 'I will be free;'" answered his mentor. "*Cré nom*," ejaculated Noir; "and does *Non serviam* mean all that! There is no doubt about it—I *must* learn Latin."

Georges Sand (Madame Dudevant) is said to be seriously unwell. She is in the habit of rising at eleven, after which she breakfasts on an egg, a cup of café noir, and a cigarette. This frugal meal at an end, she walks in the park until half-past twelve, when she begins "business" for the day. Dinner at half-past six, conversation, and so to a virtuous couch. It cannot be Mdme. Sand's mode of life which has unhappily affected her health.

Les jeux innocents continue to form the favourite amusement of the Evenings at Home at the Tuileries. The Emperor is very good at these games; particularly at one in which the object is to construct a sentence from a number of words given. The other night the words *carrot* and *tragedy* were proposed. "Both recall *Racine*," was his Majesty's instant reply. *Mug, jug*, and *bottle*, succeeded. H. I. M., not to be denied, remarked, "He must be a mug indeed who prefers a jug to a bottle."

For trustworthy information as to our own country we must go to France. Which of us was aware of the following "*chef d'œuvre?*"—

"Petit chef d'œuvre d'origine Anglaise:

"Dans un des transept du Palais de Cristal de Sydenham, on voit un fac-simile d'une maison romaine de Pompeï.

"Le seuil hospitalier de cette demeure porte incrusté en mosaïque le mot de bienvenue: *Salve*, salut!

"Or, *salve*, en Anglais, signifie *onguent*.

"L'inventeur d'une pâte quelconque pour la guérison des cors aux pieds a offert à la compagnie propriétaire du Palais 25,000 francs par an pour faire incruster, au-dessous de l'inscription, en grandes lettres:

"*Du docteur Morison.*

"Comment la trouvez-vous?"

A pretty piece of musical notation by Gustave Nadaud:—

A Mozart
Est Musard
Comme à Bach
Offenbach.

Overheard at the Crystal Palace. Intelligent child, examining a winged Mercury, by the great Chipper:—
I. C.: Mama, does that figure grow leaves, like a tree?
MAMA (coughing): Yes, my dear.
I. C.: Then I suppose they tumble off in autumn?

"What would you do if I were to die?" asked another mother of another *enfant terrible*. "I would eat all the sugar at tea," said the darling.

Fine exclamation de Dumas fils croisant dans les salons un camarade de collége qu'il n'avait pas vu depuis vingt ans. Ce dernier s'était approché en se nommant:

"Tiens! s'écria l'auteur du *Demi-Monde*, c'est toi! Je ne t'aurais jamais reconnu. *Tu n'as pas changé du tout!*"

Extract from the new "Lady's Catechism." (Catchman & Hawl.)

Q. What is the duty of a husband?
A. To please his wife.
Q. What is the duty of a wife?
A. To please.

A Paris journal gives the following list of "bookmakers Anglais" present at the recent meeting at Nice:—M. M. Steel, Morris, Venleutine, Sidney, Smith, Grégory et Parceval.

An Indian paper contains the following advertisement:—"For sale, a good serviceable Demi-garry, made by a European builder and a Munipoor pony." What are the pony's terms? If reasonable, and a skilful workman, he might make a good thing of it in Long-acre.

A correspondent of the South Haven (Michigan) *Sentinel* gives the following particulars of a recent spiritualistic marriage at Breedville:—This is said to be a progressive age, and we were most happy to see it verified on the 2nd inst., in the marriage, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wells Brown, of Mr. William Knowles and the well-known and popular speaker, Mrs. Frank Reid. It was expected that Sister Horton would officiate upon the all-important occasion, but she was prevented by illness. Under the circumstances it was decided that the next best thing would be for the parties to marry themselves. Accordingly, after a few minutes' consultation, the following formula was repeated by them and legalised by Justice Hurlburt:—"Frank, with your consent, before these witnesses, I acknowledge you as my true and loving wife." The bride responded:—"I, too, William, with your consent, before these witnesses, receive you as my loved and lawful husband. Our souls united, we shall be true to each other here and in the grand hereafter." After the ceremony, the guests, some 50 in number, partook of a bountiful and handsomely arranged repast.

Onze heures du soir, deux cocotes frolent un jeune homme sur le boulevard Montmartre, et l'une d'elles lui verse dans l'oreille ce qu'on est convenu d'appeler des paroles brulantes. Le jeune homme bondit:

"Suivez-moi? s'écrie-t-il."

"Oú cela?"

"Chez le commissaire de police!"

Les deux demoiselles, effrayées, se donnent de l'air, et la foule amassée rit de la pudeur de ce nouveau Joseph, qui craignait de laisser son mac-farlane entre les mains de ces deux Putifardées.

M. de X—. a le tort de porter des bijoux quand il va rendre visite aux petites dames. Un jour, l'une d'elles, sous prétexte de lui faire mille tendresses, était arrivée à détacher une merveilleuse épingle qu'il portait à sa cravate.

Malheureusement pour elle, le cocodès s'en apercut et la rattachant sans s'émouvoir:

"On m'avait bien dit, belle dame, que vous aviez une main *ravissante!*"

La cocotte l'a trouvée mauvaise!

Une dame, dont le *Figaro* parlait il y a quelques jours, n'a pas été flattée, parait-il, que nous ayons dit qu'elle appartenait au demi-monde.

"Comment, disait-elle à B——, on ose imprimer que j'appartiens au demi-monde?"

"Oh," répondit B——, "on vous fait tort de moitié, madame; on sait bien que vous appartenez au monde entier!"

MM. Victorien Sardou and Alexandre Dumas *fils* are candidates, it appears, for two of the four vacant fauteuils at the French Academy. Alexandre Dumas *père* is said to be suffering from paralysis of the right hand; which he jokingly observes is simple retributive justice, it being the hand with which (with a pen in it) he has so largely sinned.

"How can you make such a fuss about Miss Wenham?" said one to Perfervidus; "she doesn't care twopence for you." "Nor does the lobster," sighed P.; "yet how I love him!"

Who is the "English soliciter, long resident in Paris," now a prisoner for debt at Homburg? and who is the "late English baronet and M.P." for whom he became security?

"Rochefort is decidedly not the 'cheese,'" said one swell to the other. "No," replied No. 2; "he is much too soft for Roguefort."

Trois amis entrent aux fauteuils d'orchestre d'un theatre.

L'ouvreuse.—"Faut-il mettre vos pardessus ensemble, messieurs?"

Premier ami.—"Non, mettez le mien à part."

Deuxième ami.—"Et le mien aussi."

L'ouvreuse (au troisième ami).—"Et vous, Monsieur?"

Troisième ami (distrait).—"Mettez-le ensemble."

The Man Abroad.

Florence, 22nd January.

A FRIENDLY priest, who was my *compagnon de voyage* from Rome to this city, suggested that we should "blow great clouds" as we passed through the unpleasant marshes in the environs of Rome; "for," said he, "the miasma arising from these lowlands after sunset is so dangerous, that those who inhale it often suffer from ague and fever."

The advice was pleasant, and was vigorously acted upon; for nothing tends to while away the time so efficaciously in a long journey as man's great solace—a pipe. Bradshaw says that the scenery along this railway is remarkably beautiful, and travellers should see it by day; but as the day train takes fifteen hours, and the night train accomplishes the journey in twelve, few travellers follow Bradshaw's advice. The distance is only 232 miles, so you may judge the pace is not very rapid. The irascible Briton, who fires off his wrath by writing to the *Times* if his train has the misfortune to be twenty minutes late, has to take things here much more quietly; for it is a matter of perfect indifference to the Italian railway officials whether the train happens to be an hour behind time or not. "Slow and sure" is their motto, and certainly they carry it out to the very letter.

Florence looks gay and pleasant after the solemn grandeur of old Rome, and much more fitted for the capital of United Italy than the Eternal City. The collection of pictures and works of art at the Pitti and Uffizzi Palaces are the grandest in the whole world. As Thackeray says, you are constrained to say your grace at being permitted to enjoy such a rich feast as is there spread out.

In the Tribune at the Uffizzi is to be seen the "Venus de Medici," "The Wrestlers," and "The Dancing Faun," whilst the walls are radiant with *chefs-d'œuvres* of Raphael, Titian, and Fra Bartolommeo. A corridor conducts the visitor from this gallery to the Pitti Palace, which is situate on the opposite side of the River Arno. A quaint, old-fashioned bridge, with houses on each side, something in the style of old London-bridge, forms the means of communication between the two galleries. The Pitti Palace is the residence of the King, who graciously throws open the superb collection of five hundred pictures daily to the public. Where all are masterpieces, it is difficult to single out one as most worthy of note; but still "La Madonna della Segiola," by Raphael, is perhaps the gem of the whole priceless collection.

The cathedral, a fine building, was commenced in 1298, and is still unfinished: the dome is said to be the largest in the world. The Campanile, or Bell Tower, is a magnificent structure. It is built in the Italian-Gothic style, and rises to the height of 276 feet. The view from the topmost gallery is lovely; for Florence lies embosomed in gently-undulating downlands, with the Arno winding through the valley. Oh! with what blessings has beneficent Nature favoured this fair land, and yet how little account do the Italians take of their many advantages!

The Italian parliament, at present prorogued, meets in the Palazzo Vecchio, a fine old building, but not at all adapted for a House of Assembly. On one side of the entrance is the celebrated statue of "David," by Michael Angelo.

Florence is a delightful place of winter resort, but in the summer it is insufferably hot. It certainly does not give one the notion of being the capital of Italy. The amusements are not numerous, but there is a very good opera-house and theatre. The Cascine, at the western extremity of the Lung' Arno Nuovo, is the favourite promenade and pleasure-ground, and there all the nobility and gentry congregate during the Florentine season. The meeting of the parliament is, I believe, fixed for an early day in March.

English travellers seem quite beaten out of the field by American. Wherever one goes, sons of the Great Republic crop up in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners; and very pleasant people too, so far as my experience goes, though they have an unhappy knack of talking rather too loud. As to the young ladies—and they are to be met with in great force—though they are, perhaps, a little more *prononcées* than some stern English parents might desire, they are extremely agreeable travelling companions: bright, lively girls, full of fun and frolic, but quite able to run alone and take care of themselves, which is certainly an advantage in these fast days.

Paris, *February 3rd.*

To-day, the time allowed by the law for appeal in the case of Rochefort et Cie. expires, and, as no appeal has been lodged up to this time, they are now liable to arrest at any moment. It has been said here that it is the intention of Government to have Rochefort arrested immediately; so that, perhaps, between the time of my penning these lines, and of their appearing in print, we may be treated to another *journée*, as M. Ollivier so happily designates the days which have been of late so frequently devoted to a demonstration on the part of the sovereign people. Although Rochefort has been very rabid in his denunciations of the government and the dynasty, of late his paper has been rather milder in its tone, and I think that the government would act wisely if they left him at liberty and let him extinguish himself, as he surely will do ere long; for the mob in Paris is very fickle, and soon gets tired of any particular idol which it has set up. It is, indeed, possible that, even were he arrested, there would be little popular clamour; but he really seems so powerless to make serious mischief, that it is better to give him a long rope and let him hang himself. A matter of far greater importance for the preservation of that good spirit which seems springing up in the minds of the French people is the threatened split in the Cabinet, relative to the decrees of the temporary admission of certain articles of manufacture, which were promulgated by M. Buffet, the Minister of Finance, and M. Louvet, the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. It is said that M. Ollivier is anxious to throw them overboard, and substitute M. de Forcade la Roquette and M. Magne in their place; but it is generally understood that M. Daru, Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Chevalier de Valdrôme, Minister of the Interior, and the Marquis de Talhouët, would resign their portfolios if MM. Buffet and Louvet retired from the Ministry, as the acceptance of each of the five was conditional on the other four also forming a portion of the Cabinet. Their retirement would deprive the Cabinet of the support of the Left Centre, which gives it the support of the country where it is the majority, though not in the Chambers, and would compel M. Ollivier to construct his Ministry anew out of the Right and Right Centre, which are the majority in the Chamber under the system of official candidature. MM. Magne and de Forcade la Roquette may be—and, indeed, are—able men, but, unfortunately, France would look on their replacement in the Government as a sign that the Emperor was still omnipotent, and that he had determined to go back, at least in part, to the plan of government as in the days of Rouher and his predecessors. That this would be a real misfortune, and one the gravity of which it is not possible to exaggerate, it is not necessary for me to tell you; and it is to be hoped that M. Ollivier will persevere in the liberal path which he has traced out, and which, if continued in for a few months, will give the country such a firm standpoint, that a return to anything like personal government will be an utter impossibility.

During the last week we have lost two dukes, both old in years and experience; the one a staunch Orleanist, the other a devoted follower of the Napoleonic dynasty. The first is the Duc de Broglie, whose funeral took place on Saturday; where might have been seen General Changarnier, M. Daru, and M. Louvet, among others: the first time, probably, that a minister of the Imperial Government has assisted (and as one of the pall-bearers) at the interment of a prominent and uncompromising member of the Orleanist party. Truly, this party has things pretty much its own way for the time being, when the majority of the Cabinet are of that political *nuance*, and when Guizot, Thiers, and Odillon Barrot, are to be seen, not only in the salons of the ministerial hotels, but in the Emperor's closet at the Tuileries. The Duc de Cadore, who has just died, was a devoted if not very distinguished follower of the dynasty. His father, M. de Champigny, minister of Napoleon I., was created by him Duc de Cadore, and it is his son whose death is now chronicled. His eldest daughter married M. Bande, now minister at Athens. M. de Pongerville, a member of the Academy—who, I believe, translated Ovid's Metamorphoses and Lucretius, some forty years since—is also lately dead, making the number of seats vacant, among the forty immortals, four. Sardon and Dumas *fils* are spoken of as two of the candidates; and even M. Ollivier, who has never distinguished himself particularly in regard to the *belles lettres*, is mentioned; but I believe the latter, with his usual good sense and modesty, will decline the honour. I should propose that Rochefort and the citizen Gambon, whose cow has, I believe, been bought and presented to him, be brought forward.

Troppmann a fait des siens. The murder in the Faubourg St. Honoré is a very painful affair. M. Lombart, the husband of the poor lady who has been murdered, is paralysed, and unable to move. He was, consequently, compelled to see his wife butchered before his eyes, and was unable to make an effort to save her. He is an old servant of the Imperial Government, and had been Consul-General in India, until his infirmities compelled him to retire from the public service. The assassin, who was a Belgian, was under sentence of transportation in his own country, and under the surveillance of the police here. The two servants whom he fell upon after he had despatched Madame Lombart, are in a fair way towards recovery, and are both able to resume their employment. The second murder was in the Rue St. Honoré, and was committed by a married man of the name of Durand on a young woman with whom he cohabited. Arriving, after his ordinary dinner-hour, in a state of intoxication, he commenced to threaten the poor girl, and even sharpened his knife or razor (it is not very clear which he committed the crime with) before her eyes. She ran down-stairs to call for aid, and, not finding any one, for some unexplicable reason or other, came up again. Durand met her on the stairs, and killed her with one or two stabs which penetrated to the heart. He then came down and called for the police, and gave himself up with as much *sang froid* as if he had been breaking a window or creating some harmless disturbance. A woman has been found murdered at Poissy, but, as yet, the culprit has not been discovered. A man called Cadet has just been condemned to penal servitude for life for having attempted to murder and rob a man returning from a fair near Besancon. It is suspected he is the murderer of a man called Borail, who was murdered last July near Nancy, as the watch of Borail was found on him; and he was proved to be the person who nearly murdered a priest in January, 1869, whom he had attempted to rob.

The editor of the *Moniteur Universel*, until lately an official print, announces that he will receive every Monday. This is nothing new, for it is now twenty years that he has been in the habit of receiving, as the Secret Service money can testify.

I am sorry to hear that the steeple chases at Nice were not nearly so successful as last year, either in point of company or of the horses competing. One can hardly wonder at it, for both the time of the year and the distance are formidable obstacles to the meeting; and although it is very pleasant for those who are passing the winter there to send for horses and bookmakers, and use them for a couple of days as substitutes for *Roulette* and *Trente-et-Quarante*, it is difficult to persuade those who are either here or in London to come and join in the sport.

CHARADE.

What we love more than life,
What we fear more than death,
What the rich man wants,
What the poor man has,
What the miser spends,
What the spendthrift saves,
What we all carry to our graves

The Man at Mudie's.

UNE ABBESSE DE FONTEVRAULT.*

THERE is no era in French history more crowded with celebrities than the early part of the seventeenth century; and no centre of attraction greater in any time than was the Court of France during the reign of Louis XIV. We become almost confused by its multiplicity of names, and dazzled by its brilliant combinations of striking qualities. Wit, poetry, science, sentiment, seem to have all found themselves there fitly and thoroughly represented. Genius was duly recognised: beauty profoundly worshipped: love understood; and amidst such a galaxy of talent and notoriety, the biographer of the *Abbesse of Fontevrault* claims for his heroine no undistinguished place. He appeals to the judgment of the reader, after a fair perusal of her letters, whether he is wrong in admitting her to a position amongst the writers of an epoch so fruitful in intellectual superiority.

Gabrielle de Rochechouart de Mortemart was the younger sister of the celebrated Madame de Montespan; she was by no means her inferior in beauty, and equally fitted to adorn a world which she very unwillingly quitted.

"Réligieuse sans vocation."

She, however, fulfilled all the duties of her difficult position with the greatest strictness. Abbess of one of the largest convents in France when ecclesiastical power was great and its duties laborious, she discharged the heavy responsibilities imposed upon her conscientiously and well.

Although she dearly loved the society of the Court, where she had many devoted friends and very few detractors: where Bussy Rabutin respected her: where the terrible St. Simon praised her: where Madame de Caylus painted her portrait in flattering colours, and where she was beloved and truly honoured by the king himself, —who, it is said, showed more feeling at her death than he did when the expiations of Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde mercifully terminated, or when, continuing calmly to "*couvre le cerf*," he heard of the last sufferings of the magnificent Athenais,— she still devoted herself faithfully to her religious vows, offering the bright example of a pure and holy life at a time when such examples were rare. A letter written with her own hand to Daniel Huet† describes how completely her time was occupied, and in how worthy a manner:—

"I am amused at your advising me to devolve some of my cares upon others. Have you forgotten that I have five or six secretaries; and do you not know, you who have seen so much of convents, that there are certain duties that an abbess ought to fulfil in person? Such duties are infinitely multiplied for an Abbess of Fontevrault. She is not free, like bishops, to choose her own hours: she is never secure of having one to herself.

"Every monk and every nun has the right to dispose of their time. Then there are letters which it is necessary to write, or to dictate; without counting those which devolve on secretaries: to whom, between ourselves, I only resign such as are almost indifferent; because I have found out that one had better transact all serious business oneself, if one wishes to be understood, and has a sincere intention of acting for the best. As far as that intention goes, I feel that I have it, and that its sincerity increases and strengthens with time. The years which bring so much that is evil, bring also that which is good. They lead with them a more scrupulous attention to the acquittal of duty, than one had in one's younger days. On examining them more more nearly, they are found to be weighted with heavier responsibilities. At least, I find that mine become daily multiplied."

In another letter to the celebrated Dr. Vallant she complains that she feels how little equal she is to the duties of her position: how much she fails in force, vigilance, and fervour—qualities so indispensable in a Superior; and, indeed, the whole of her correspondence is full of similar regrets, proving how sincerely she strove after that perfection which even the most earnest find it so impossible to attain.

Madame de Sevigné appears to be the only one of her contemporaries who was tempted to disparage her; and the reason for this is more than hinted at by Cousin, who says:—

"Madame de Sevigné, as severe towards those she dislikes, as she is indulgent to those she loves, could never endure anything belonging to Madame de Montespan; so that one could almost imagine that she coveted that lady's place at Court for her own daughter, since she was continually complaining that Madame de Grognan did not occupy that position to which her beauty and her talent should have enabled her to aspire!"

It is a matter of regret that most of her writings were, by her own wish, destroyed at her death, and the whole of her correspondence with Madame de Montespan, to whom she was tenderly attached, and who applied to her on every occasion for advice and sympathy. Had these letters been preserved they would doubtless have been found a valuable addition to the memoirs of the time. Those contained in the volume before us are adorned neither by adventure nor incidents; they simply put us in possession of her tastes, predilections, and sympathies. "Intercourse with my friends," she repeats continually, "is the greatest of my consolations."

We conclude with an extract from a letter, the joint production of the Abbess and Madame de Montespan, to the Bishop of Soissons:—

"What you say about writing, makes me discover in it a value which I never remarked before.

"I had always believed that the warmth of conversation, and the spontaneous birth of thought, should naturally prevail over the coldness of a letter, composed probably at leisure, and whose disguise and measure cannot be witnessed. But you have changed my opinion: you have made me feel that conversation is deceitful and dangerous. One is so often carried away to say things which are the very opposite of what we think! The influence of those we converse with either leads us on or else irritates us: we speak according to the answer required of us, and not according to the dictates of our own hearts. One makes enemies of those to whom one wishes no evil; the most precious sentiments lose their value by being expressed at a wrong moment; and timidity destroys the merit of a pretty thought which may be awkwardly expressed. Writing overcomes all these difficulties. It forms equally the safeguard of those who write, and the happiness of those who are written to.

"One can explain oneself confidently, because one is only heard by Him to whom we wish our thoughts conveyed, and the assurance that it is so makes the communication doubly valuable.

"But that which I think settles the advantage which writing possesses over conversation is that the thoughts remain. They are no longer carried away by the wind and forgotten. They become visible and durable. One has the happiness of recognising the hand of the person who writes, to follow it through all the lines which it has traced. One discovers, even by the manner in which the characters are drawn, that which the most vehement expressions could never make so fully and so faithfully comprehended."

* *Gabrielle de Rochechouart de Mortemart: Etude Historique.* Par Pierre Clement, de l'Institut.

† Bishop of Avranches.

Our Prize Rhymes.

First—

Thou art gone, thou art gone, Ark
Of Refuge! No more
Shall we board the old *Monarch*,
Brave Seventy-four!

BENBOW.

Second—

When all the world liv'd within one ark,
That Noah constructed himself;
Reign'd there ever more absolute monarch—
Plantagenet, Tudor, or Guelph?

Were I such an absolute monarch
Of London and her population,
I'd spend all her money upon arch-
Itectural redecoration.

That I've found a fair rhyme for a monarch,
If you still should decline to concede,
Then the cricket match play'd at Boconnoc,
Comes well as a friend in my need.

Enfin, si vous osez médire
De mes maints essais sur le mot "monarch,"
Je dis: l'homme qui veut réussir
Doit avoir plus qu'une corde à son arc.

TEMPLAR.

Third—

A maid there was of Orleans,
Well known as Joan of Arc;
She swore she had a vision
While sitting in the dark.

A spirit unto her appear'd—
At least, so *history* tells us—
(But then, like many other things,
E'en *that* so often sells us!)

She started up, attired herself
In armour bright and strong;
Rush'd quickly to her parent's side,
Said, "Pa, I sha'n't be long.

I'm going on an errand brave,
To die or save my king;
Excuse (I beg) my '*mail*' attire,
If 't is not quite the thing."

Her father (simple country loon),
Call'd in the village *John Ark*,
Said, "Bravo, girl, I like your pluck,
Be off and save your monarch."

J. E.

When jennys for spinning, first thought of by *John* Ark-Wright, were the rage (which his name it was *Dick*),
They so pleased the heart of the then reigning monarch,
That he made him a "Bart" for inventing the trick.

EUREKA.

I wouldn't fancy being a monarch,
Particularly one of the Napoleon sort;
I'm sure my life would go on irk-
Somely enough. In short,
I should feel much afraid of that murderous machine,
With a murderous title—the guillotine.

MANCUNIAN.

When father Noah—fine old spark—
Built him with care and pains an ark;
No prouder lord e'er trod his park,
Nor e'en king, prince, or great "Monarch."

LUNATIC.

Old Brag wrote a treatise upon arch-
Itectural schools;
Of savants he thought himself monarch,
But others, of fools.

When Noah sat down to scan and con ark,
By which his safety had been made;
He must have felt himself the monarch
Of everything that he survey'd.

O'FORLI SERVAY.

Ah, whither hast thou *gone, lark*,
That thrill'd the air with song?
When the sun smil'd out *upon dark*,
And flash'd the hills along?

As gently as a snow-flake,
As lit the dove *upon ark*,
Thy dreamy wing swept o'er the lake,
Of all the morn, the *monarch*.

Now, in the blazing sun, I
Alone, and wo-*begone, mark*
The topmost twig against the sky,
That made thy perch at *dawn, Hark!*

The evening bells are ringing,
The hounds upon the *lawn bark*;
At the music they are singing,
While the stars light up the *wan arc*.

When the night has pass'd away,
Wilt thou meet me at the *dawn, bark!*
And sing to me of coming day,
My pretty bird—my *monarch?*

PHILO.

Slowly Birnam wood moves on, hark!
Now the clash of arms is heard;
Pale with fear, the guilty monarch
Calls to mind the witches' word.

C. P. C.

PRIZE WORD NO. XVI.—SAUSAGE.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

The Man About Town.

A CHRONICLE AND REVIEW
OF THE
DOINGS OF THE DAY, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DUX.—We shall be happy to give attention to your request when there are a couple of you.

BOSTONITE.—It is not necessarily unsoundness, depending entirely upon position.

JAQUES.—You have not met a *second* fool i' the forest in us. Be good enough (we quote Mr. Carker) to carry your jargon elsewhere.

M. P.—Beware lest H E come to precede your initials. The plan you propose is simple roping.

MONT BLANC.—*Parturiunt montes.* We wish you well through your troubles.

MARK.—We do. What then?

J. WARE.—(1.) An eggshellent jest! How could they manage without lime? (2.) The French sorts are very good, but we ourselves hold by Dorkings and Spaniards.

BEATRICE.—With the sweet impertinence of your sex, you ask us whether our answers to correspondents are "genuine." Did you wear a pair of dogskins, we should decline to satisfy your curiosity, but will whisper in *your* ear that we would not *invent* them for a pair of ponies. Be content with that assurance, and accept our Benedicktion.

OLD FARMER.—We congratulate you. The *diamonds* are reserved for the horse which comes in first.

VECTIS.—Whichever you please.

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

Contribution Papers received from Church and State; Phiz; M. D. Brass; Œdissus; Whis Key; Lancelot; Wylam; Ursa Minor; Credo; Felix; Nobody; Deluge; V. V.; B. L. F.; Ben; Moses; Kean; Maid of Athens; Blue Bell; Old Farmer.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN LAST NUMBER.

J errol D
O nid A
S orro W
E xpres S
P er O
H e N

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1870.

NOTWITHSTANDING the gravity and reserve of our national character, it is incontestable that English people suffer as much from the results of folly and heedlessness as their more careless neighbours. We are slow and cautious above all things, it is supposed, in our pecuniary transactions; yet we plunge on bad things, believe plausible swindlers, and confide in defaulting cashiers as much as any nation under heaven. We are steady and serious in our religious faith; yet where is there so much dissension, bitterness and ill-feeling as among English Protestants? We are eminently charitable; yet how do we, as a rule, administer our charities, and where else do the poor die of starvation in the streets? We are just in our commercial dealings one with another; yet false weights and measures flourish, and "bosch" and tea-dust are still lively in the market. We are not much worse, I dare say, than other Hospodars of Duffraria, but we insist more loudly than others that we live somewhere else.

We have, at all events, sufficient burthens of our own, nationally and individually, to bear, enough of sins of omission and commission to account for without doing penance for vicarious offences; and I do think that those mayors, with their foals, who have fallen upon *les braves Belges* in their stronghold, should be mildly remonstrated with by some one in authority—say, the Water Bailiff's Young Man. I look back, with much depression, on certain episodes in the entertainment we provided for the excellent, fat, spectacled heroes whom I saw and heard singing *La Brabançonne* at the Alhambra. The truth is, we know no more what to do with a stranger within our gates whom we wish to honour than if he were a white elephant. With the best intentions in the world, we contrive to send him away the richer by the Freedom of the City, an attack of dyspepsia, much confusion of mind, and perhaps a decoration from the proprietor of a music-hall. I have always had a suspicion that the "intelligent foreigner" usually quits our shores with a conviction that, next to the LORD MAYOR, Mr. W. HOLLAND is the foremost representative man among us. It is bad enough when we discharge the duties of host ungracefully, but what a frightful thing it is to conduct ourselves foolishly as uninvited guests! I protest that the account of these civic dignitaries riding in procession, sixty-carriage strong, to present a small box to their Majesties of Belgium, is enough to make one tear off one's robes as Common Councilman, and forswear one's Livery for ever. The good-nature and ignorance of our foreign friends almost necessitate their welcoming a deputation, coming in the great name of "rosbif" and "goddam," with kindliness and courtesy. It is not for Syndic or Burgomaster to say that the "United Brotherhood of Ex-Deputy-Assistant Flourishers of Glass Cloths" is not one of the noblest of associations, embodying half the rank, wealth and intellect of England. So they *fête*, and feast, and receive, and present the Treasurer, and Secretary, and Honorary Dentist's good lady, and third unmarried daughter of the Deputy Laundress's first cousin, with all the *empressement* due to what they, in their innocence, believe to be representatives of Old England. And I really think, if I may say so without offence, that the Macebearer, or the Deputy-Clerk of the Hanaper, should interfere.

Sir Joseph Hawley's Resolutions, which not only monopolise the attention of the sporting world, but have elicited extra-Tattersallian utterances from various influential quarters, appear to me to deserve neither the approval nor the condemnation they have met with. The preamble with which Sir Joseph introduces his proposals, and in which the spirit of gambling is so forcibly complained of, comes perhaps with imperfect grace from one who has won more in bets on a single race than any other speculator alive or dead; and whose gains, in stakes alone, amounted last year to upwards of £20,000. It will be difficult to persuade any one except the *Daily Telegraph* that Sir Joseph Hawley has found racing a losing game. However, that is no reason why he should not desire now to dissociate speculation from sport, and, as tardily converted sinners are more anxious for proselytism than their neighbours, to wish to place temptation out of other people's reach. So the proposals for limiting the duration of flat-racing, for extending the constitution and consequent usefulness of the Jockey Club, for preventing owners of horses running them under an assumed name, and also to that unpopular but most expedient provision of making bets void where the horse is a non-starter, I most unhesitatingly subscribe. They are one and all conceived in an enlightened and sagacious spirit, and will be conducive to the best interests of the turf, for which no one will question Sir Joseph Hawley's real regard. From all the rest I as unhesitatingly dissent. The aim and object of them all is simply to abolish two-year-old racing, and to deprive handicaps of nine-tenths of their present interest. An interference with so many vested interests should of course be justified by a very great and urgent necessity; and this is alleged to exist in the deterioration of the breed of horses, as to which so much *petitio principii* has been invoked, and as to which I, for one, am perfectly sceptical. The question is too broad to go into here; but I think there are very good grounds for believing that the thoroughbred of to-day is in every respect *superior* in every particular to his predecessor of twenty, fifty, or one hundred years ago. Even granting, for argument's sake, that our horses ran faster than, but not so far as their progenitors, we have yet to learn that "bottling them up" would effect the desired increase in stamina and stoutness alleged to be deficient in the racer of the period. Even if the disease exist, the remedy has yet to be ascertained. That it can be found in a violent measure which would ruin breeders and destroy racing, I must take the liberty of doubting.

Naso, that well-beaked Roman who rashly asserted that Amor was *nullis medicabilis herbis*, evidently knew nothing about the matter. If he had had the advantage of being able to take his toga into the stalls of the Royalty, he would have come to an entirely opposite conclusion. Mr. Andrew Halliday is wiser in his generation than Publius Ovidius, and knows well enough that Love is a disease, like most others, for which there *is* a remedy, provided we find the right doctor. A neater, brighter little piece than the one in which the Royalty audience are made aware of this great truth has seldom been seen, even on these elastic boards. The moral is refreshingly new and true, the dialogue strangely crisp, the acting astonishingly good and even. So long as plays can be written and played like *Love's Doctor* we need not despair of the stage: no, though Nahum Tate arose again to put his book in the nostrils of Shakespeare, or Fitzball played before us Egyptian dramas of his own construction for a hundred nights. *'Twixt Axe and Crown* is a praiseworthy attempt to raise the taste of modern audiences to something higher than "Act on the Square, Boys," and well-developed calves. If a little dull at times, and decidedly peculiar in some of its historical views, Mr. Tom Taylor's play is a good solid piece of work, which, aided by excellent acting and *mise en scène*, is likely to have as successful a reign as its heroine. *Formosa* having had a brilliant career at Drury Lane, makes an upward move on Monday, and comes into the W. district. *The Nightingale*, shorn of a few feathers, flies much more strongly at the Adelphi. And that is all on this head, except that the Lyceum is paying, and deservedly paying; two statements too strange not to be true.

Now that the holidays are over, and poor Jack, for whom no cherub sits up aloft, is recommitted to the care of Dr. Bombproof, one may turn to a subject which could not without indelicacy have been discussed while he was sliding down the banisters among us. Ruthless must he be, himself probably with experiences not faint or remote of the fatal twig, who would curtail any of the vacation distractions of that ingenuous youth. With an appetite whetted by Cornelius Nepos and the secular side of Colenso, he throws himself into a pantomime or a party with an enthusiasm which is at once delightful and depressing to witness. His belief in the miserable follies of the harlequinade is so firm and so infectious, that one is half converted to columbine-worship when at her shrine with such a worshipper. His joy in a party is so transcendant, that taking him and waiting for him through four mortal hours at the dullest house in Westbourne Terrace becomes as nothing. It is worth a touch of bronchitis and much boredom to see him with his hair curled, in little white gloves, progressing with his first attachment to a pink sash and flaxen ringlets. Although perforce an early bird, not unrheumatic, I would give up my after-dinner nap, my magazine, and my *partaga*, to see the pair at supper. It is the *Lancet*, I grieve to say, which would, with much show of reason, knock these pretty pastimes on the

head. Like the doctor, who rarely fails to put in an appearance after festivities, this ill-omened but too sensible monitor warns us that in allowing Master Jack and Miss Lily to indulge their tastes for these entertainments, which begin with tea and cake and end with sleepiness and the carriage, we are performing, in a friendly way, a massacre of those innocents. It points out that the late hours and late suppers to which small Strephon invites tiny Chloe on lace-edged paper, are elegant but efficacious methods of ruining their health. And ice-cream, tipsy cake, and champagne, at midnight, *cannot* be good for twelve-and-a-half next birthday. What is to be done? I should be glad to hear if Master J. or Miss L. have anything to propose.

AFTER THE SEASON.

On her death-bed pale and fair she lay
And wept; she was over young to die,—
For the life and the hopes that were ebbing away,
And the untold sin of days gone by.

In the shades of night her husband stood
Unmoved and silent by her side;
When, weeping bitter tears of blood,
She crept down to his feet and cried,—

"Oh, God forgive an erring wife,
And thou, my husband, pardon me!
He knows the sorrow of my life—
I broke my plighted vow to thee."

"I knew before of thine offence,
I am dishonoured in the land;
And, confidence for confidence,
Thou diest by poison, and my hand."

The Grumbler.

COULD the like of that which occurred on Saturday last at Mile End New Town have happened in any other Christian country in the world? What was it? You may indeed well ask what was it! Why, this is what it was. Mr. Coroner Humphreys held three inquests, one after the other, on persons who had all died from actual want and privation. Whose fault was it? Why, of course, as usual—nobody's fault. Two of the victims had been unable to get work or employment of any kind, and when, ultimately, most reluctantly forced into the Workhouse, arrived there only when they were beyond the reach of all human aid. The other, an old shoemaker, was so frightened at the idea of being sent to the Workhouse, that he refused to see the parish doctor, who he knew would order him there. Most unaccountable ignorance and obstinacy? Why, of course it is just that, and the more difficult to be understood, remembering the great publicity that has latterly been given to the comfort, care, and attention lavished on the inmates of such places, more particularly as instanced in the some time since Marylebone, and still more recent St. Pancras Poor Law enquiries. The objection to the Union or Workhouse, and the unwillingness of the poor and starving to enter such asylums is most unaccountable, you say! Well, I don't think so. Do you remember what Hood wrote years ago about the poor labourer?—

"No job I'll shirk of the hardest work
To shun the Workhouse walls;
Where savage laws begrudge
The pauper's babe its breath,
And doom a wife to a widow's life
Before her partner's death."

And it is pretty clear from Mr. Coroner Humphrey's occupation last Saturday, that since the lines just quoted were first written, neither the objection of the truly unfortunate and wretched to the Workhouse has been removed, nor has the condition of those places in the metropolis been made what it should be in the eyes or to the minds of the starving. Manage these things better in France? Why, of course they do—manage them better everywhere than in London, the richest city in the world, and the only one where real starvation—and that, too, in times of plenty—is a thing of not uncommon occurrence. Public and private charities are unrivalled? Well, of course they are; but what does that signify if the poor don't reap the benefit? Why, with the money that has been bequeathed, and the endowments that have been made for the poor from time immemorial, there ought not to be one human being throughout the United Kingdom wanting a meal if hungry, or a hospital to go to, let his ailment be what it might. Bah! the British Lion is a glorious beast; but, like his prototype in the Zoo, never arouses except when he's poked in the ribs with a parasol, or 'tis his dinner time.

What do I think the Ollivier Ministry ought to do with Rochefort? Why, I think it is really no business of mine, being quite persuaded that the French Ministry, with such a head as they have got on their shoulders, are by far the best judges of what is the right and best thing to do for themselves, and this more especially as I think it behoves every Englishman to pluck out the Rossa beam out of his own eye before he attempts to meddle and muddle with the Rochefort one in that of *la belle France*, our latest proved, and most powerful ally. Have I seen the account of eatables and drinkables consumed at the balls given at the Tuileries? Why, of course I have, and, what is more, partaken of 'em before now. What do I think of it? Why, that it is more than contemptible for our press to be calling attention, in a deprecatory manner, to that which does not concern us, or, if it does, only to remind us of what was once done at Buckingham, is done at Guildhall, and should be done at Marlborough House, if the country only properly came down and did handsomely by a Prince who has never been excelled in his desire to encourage the arts and trade, even to personal inconvenience, and then only too often to get abuse and misrepresentation from those who should take care he had the means magnificently to represent the glory, dignity, and hospitality of a kingdom like England. Heard of the flakes blown off the palace of Westminster? Why, of course I have, and seen 'em, too, ages ago. Had we a committee to select the best stone? Certainly we had. Then why have we not got it? Why, because we had a committee. What do you suppose the committee knew about stone? Had all the best opinions? Yes, that was just the thing that did it. They had so many opinions that, naturally enough, they got bewildered, and selected just the very one they ought not. Had they appointed one good practical person, he would naturally have selected the same stone that had worn well for centuries, and of which all our old cathedrals are built; but, as they didn't, of course they chose the very worst, and the walls will be worn out before Gladstone can find a corner for his secretary or little room for himself inside the building to transact the necessary business of the country, and advance that of the session in.

Ought to have a public prosecutor? Why, certainly we ought; and that is just the very reason we are not likely to. Been talked about for years? Of course it has been talked about, and, what is more, most seriously wanted for years, and, what is equally certain, will be talked about and wanted for years to come. Why is there not a minister of justice? That is just it. Why is there not? Why, because the lawyers don't want one; if they did, lay six to four they'd have him in a sessions. As regards a public prosecutor, just suppose your housemaid's young man "permiscuously" calling to see his Mary Anne, finds her out, and your spoons ditto on the kitchen dresser. Naturally he don't wait for Mary Anne, nor allow the spoons to wait to be counted or put away, but takes 'em away with him. Cook sees him, and, being jealous, of course informs "her friend the plecеman." John Jones (Mary Anne's young man) is arrested. Your spoons are, most probably, Elkington's stuff, and not worth much; but there was also the half-dozen real tea your wife's mother presented to you both on your—well, never mind that. You are summoned or obliged to appear—call it what you like—at the police court. (Nuisance No. 1.) John Jones is to make (I know not his what) appearance at the Central Criminal Court; you, of course, are bound over (Nuisance No. 2) to prosecute, and prosecute you must and do; and, what with neglecting your business—doubtless the leather trade—(Nuisance No. 3); ill-humour of your wife for not having followed her advice—for did she not all along say she knew how it would end (Nuisance No. 4); and, ultimately, what with one expense and another, being £40 or £50 out of pocket (Nuisances 5 and 6, for of course you can't afford it); and having irretrievably lost the Elkington stuff and the six real tea, total value, say, £8 to £10, you have the satisfaction of feeling you have done your duty to your country when you hear John Jones sentenced to twelve months' something or other, and, arriving home, find your wife in a fury, and police rates and taxes waiting for you. Is not that the moment when one asks why is there not a public prosecutor? Well, suppose it is? Why, of course you know it is—

Far better, if you lose your spoons,
Put up with their first loss;
For that you ne'er get them again
Is just an even toss.
At any rate be not a fool,
But show yourself more cute.
Whate'er the value of your spoons,
Oh! never prosecute.
Thus Thieves and Vice will prosper,
And Crime, of course, increase;
And, till we 've a Prosecutor,
This Great Disgrace can't cease.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

THE excitement caused by the publication of Sir Joseph Hawley's proposals for reforming the abuses of the Turf, which appeared in the *Calendar* last week, simultaneously with the weights for the handicaps, far exceeded the interest created by the appearance of the latter. Indeed, until within the last two or three days, little betting took place at the clubs, so wrapped up were the members in the discussion of the now famous resolutions. It is needless to say that, fatal as they are to the hitherto lucrative trade of bookmaking, they met with the most hostile reception, and were declared to be at once useless and impossible. This, however, is very far from being the opinion of either the public at large, or of the great majority of the press, who have hailed them as an earnest on the part of the Jockey Club of their readiness to deal with the unquestioned evils which of late years have sprung up in connection with the Turf. We may, of course, expect from that portion of the sporting press which represents the interests of the professionals, uncompromising hostility; for if the resolutions become law, their occupation will be gone, and in all probability their place will know them no more. There are, I think, some slight modifications which may be made in one or two of the resolutions, particularly in that which prohibits the entry of two-year-olds for a race more than fifteen days before it takes place, as it would have the effect of reducing the entries so enormously that the prize would be of little value, particularly as no public money is to be added. Let me suggest that no entry should take place before the 1st of July, which would avoid the necessity of trying them early in the spring, and add a clause that no horse should run more than a certain number of times during its two-year-old career; while it might perhaps be advisable to bring back their open season from September the 1st to August the 1st, as in France. For the proposal to declare all bets void on horses which do not start, I have nothing but praise, as the present system is the cause of nine-tenths of the robberies and swindles which disgrace the Turf. As to owners being then unable to back their horses for the Derby or Leger, that is all nonsense; as the profits of the bookmakers are so enormous that they are well able to bear any slight risk of finding their books not quite "round," and would be able to set them right on the day of the race, by betting against other horses in the race who had so far escaped their polite attentions. Even if this were not so, better that they as a body should have their profits somewhat diminished, than that the unwary should be defrauded and the name of racing brought into contempt by the game of battledore and shuttlecock which is played with so many a prominent favourite for a great race at present. The evil of assumed names is no small one, as all who have assisted at the minor meetings particularly can testify, when several horses in the same race are afterwards found to have belonged to a firm, or to different owners who train in the same

stable. The proposal to throw open the doors of the Jockey Club to an increased number of members, chosen from among the large owners of race-horses, *pace* Messrs. Merry and Naylor, as well as to those interested in racing, if not actively participating therein, is also a very wise one, and meets with the approval even of the "irreconcilables," perhaps because it will not affect their interests. Taking them all in all, Sir Joseph must be considered to have conferred a boon on the Turf by bringing forward these resolutions, and I sincerely hope that he will carry them, if not in their entirety, at least as far as their principles are concerned.

The acceptances for the handicaps being now to hand, I can venture a prophecy or two thereon without the fear of seeing my selection, which had been printed in large letters, among the non-contents a few days afterwards, as in the case of the Chester Cup it very possibly would have been this year, as I fancied Nobleman, with 5st 12lbs, extraordinarily well treated, and yet he has gone, and made no mark.

LIVERPOOL.

For the Liverpool Steeplechase, which is entitled to priority, both from the amount of speculation thereon and its rapid approach, there is an acceptance of 67 out 88 entries; and, although the non-acceptances are numerous, they comprise few horses ever talked of as likely to be dangerous beyond Fertullagh, Steamboat, and Snowstorm, the former two of whom were decidedly overweighted. Why Fertullagh, who had never done more than win the Prince of Wales' Plate at Punchestown last year, and was afterwards beaten at Baldoyle, should have been made to give away 3lbs to The Lamb, who won this race two years ago, is one of those things no fellow—but Mr. Topham—can understand. Of those left in the race, the names of The Lamb, Nuage, Despatch, Lymington, and The Doctor at once strike one as being favourably handicapped, and in addition to these Q.C. is spoken of as likely to mend on his last year's performance, while Costa is mentioned as a probable successor to The Colonel, himself not by any means settled even with 11st 12lbs. The changes are sure to be rung with Holman's formidable team, which includes Thalassius and Brick, in addition to The Doctor, while The Lamb's position in the market may become even more unsteady than at present without extinguishing his chance. My present impression is that The Colonel and Nuage will repay any investment made on them, at all events in the way of hedging.

CHESTER.

For the Chester Cup the acceptances are more numerous than last year, when 54 out 126 cried off, as against 40 out 122 this time. The handicap is a very good one, though flattering and consequently deceptive, like the generality of Mr. Topham's works of art. At present the betting on it has been absolutely *nil*, but, when attention is more generally directed to it, I think that St. Mungo, 7st 12lbs; The Starter, 7st 4lbs; Birdseeker, 6st 12lbs; Cherié, 6st 10lbs; Fairwind, 6st 6lbs; Captivator, 6st 4lbs; Recorder, 5st 10lbs; and Blandford, 5st 7lbs, will be found to be the pick of the basket. Were I to back one now for this rather far-distant event, it would be either The Starter or Captivator, for St. Mungo may not have recovered from his accident at Ascot, and, if he has been patched up, may not stand a severe preparation, or otherwise he, and he alone, should be my champion.

EPSOM.

Ninety-nine out of 140 crying content for the City and Suburban promise a larger field than last year, when only 68 remained in after the first declaration of forfeit. There will probably not be much betting on it until after the decision of the Liverpool. With no market as a guide to the intentions, honest or otherwise, of owners, it is difficult to make a selection. The following, however, are well in, and will probably supply a hot favourite or two:—Robespierre, 7st 9lbs; Miss Dayrell, 7st 6lbs; Dunbar, 7st; Gertrude, 6st 9lbs; Blue Bell colt, 6st 7lbs; Chawbacon, 6st 6lbs; Walter, 5st 11lbs, and the Seamstress filly, 5st 7lbs.

For the Metropolitan 35 out of the 85 have declined, leaving 50 to puzzle the prophets, major and minor. Siderolite, 8st 6lbs, being the highest weight accepting, it has been raised to 8st 12lbs, and the rest in proportion. Conjuror, decidedly the flower of the flock with only 6st 3lbs, has not accepted, but a stable-companion, Revenge, with the bottom weight, now 5st 13lbs, will be a very useful substitute. Gondolier, 8st 6lbs; Judge, 6st 12lbs; Winifred, 6st 10lbs; Chawbacon, 6st 10lbs, and Sabinus, 5st 13lbs, are the best of the remainder.

NORTHAMPTON.

The Northampton Meeting follows Epsom, instead of preceding it, as last year, and the Stakes will of course lose some of its interest, as so many of the horses engaged will have been run through the week before. The class of horses that were entered for this race is rather higher than that in the other handicaps, as the names of Martyrdom, Kennington, Morna, Blueskin, Starter, Royal Head, Moonstone, Good Hope, and others testify. My first impressions of the race are that Cock of the Walk, 8st 8lbs; Midsummer, 8st 3lbs: Birdseeker, 8st 1lb; Syrian, 6st 9lbs., and Douglas, 6st, are leniently treated, but it would be ridiculous to back anything until the Epsom events have been decided.

NEWMARKET.

The Newmarket Handicap does not call for any remarks at present, for there will be no speculation on it until within a few days of its decision. The acceptances for it are better in proportion to the entries than for any of the other handicaps, only 19 out of 69 crying off.

Next week I will sum up my Derby articles and put all the readers of the *Man About Town* on the winner. I will also, at the same time, treat of the Lincoln Handicap, as well as the other events of that meeting, which takes place on the succeeding Tuesday and Wednesday, so that we shall soon really have done with the winter vacation, to which the approaching billiard match for the championship will be a brilliant termination. Although the betting is in favour of Cook, I think that it is a real good thing for John Roberts, though he has been taxing his energies and skill for the last twenty years.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Walk up, walk up! agoing to begin!
Vice wooing virtue—virtue courting sin;
Friends striving hard to take each other in
At games of "Heads you lose, and tails I win."
A glare, a glitter, and a ceaseless din.
Have your fun first, then think about the tin.
Walk up, walk up! agoing to begin!

1
Certain result of living over fast,
The first had always better be the last.

2
My counsel is—if possible eschew it;
But if it *must* be, send for Prescot Hewitt.

3
I don't suppose they ever even taste it;
And yet, confound them, how my grooms do waste it!

4
Most feared when marvellous or accidental,
By far the grossest, blindest form, is mental.

5
Approach with caution, but when old and sound,
Never unheeded let the flask go round.

6
The day well aired, the lounger sallies forth;
From the crowned goblet cabby blows the froth.

HINTS TO THE ANONYMOUS.

f. by Brilliant—Highland Mary ..... *Cairngorm.*
f. by Caterer—Circe ..... *Lamia.*
c. by Frank—Geology ..... *Frank Stone.*
c. by Artillery—Satanella ..... *Feu d'Enfer.*
c. by Rattle—Hibernia ..... *Donnybrook.*
c. by Loiterer—Mediâ Noce ..... *The Rooster.*
f. by Trumpeter—Sporting Life ..... *Brazen Bet.*
c. by Knight of the Crescent—Egyptian ..... *Khedivee.*
c. by Oxford—Gretna ..... *Verdant Green.*

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Liverpool Grand National (4¼ miles)	Wed., March 9.
City and Suburban (1½ miles)	Tues., March 29.
Great Metropolitan (2¼ miles)	Wed., March 30.
Northamptonshire Stakes (2 miles)	Tues., April 5.
Newmarket Handicap (1½ miles).....	Wed., April 20.
Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards)	Tues., May 3.
One Thousand Guineas (7 fur. 210 yards)...	Thurs., May 5.
Chester Cup (2¼ miles)	Wed., May 11.
The Derby (1½ miles)	Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles)	Friday, June 3.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles)	Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., June 16.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles)	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1¾ miles)	Tues., August 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., August 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., August 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles).....	Wed., August 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¾ miles)	Thurs.,August 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yds.)...	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yds.)...	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yds.)...	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs)	Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yds.) ...	Tuesday, Oct. 25.

RACING AND STEEPLECHASE FIXTURES.

FEBRUARY.

Birmingham Steeplechases 8, 9	Harrow Spring 17, 18
Lincoln Spring 15, 16	Newton Spring 25, 26
Derby Spring..... 22, 23	

MARCH.

Nottingham Spring..... 1, 2	G.Millitary & Rugby H. 16, 17
Liverpool Spring 8, 9, 10	Warwick Spring ... 22, 23, 24
Pontefract & W. Riding 14, 15	Enfield 25
Cambridgeshire..... 14, 15	Epsom Spring 29, 30
Co. Down Steeplechases 15, 16	Bromley 31, 1
West Somerset Steeple-chases 16, 17	Cheltenham Steeple-chases 31, 1

APRIL.

Northampton 5, 6	Kingsbury..... 18, 19
Southdown Hunt 6	Kildare Hunt 19, 20
Thirsk Spring 7, 8	Hambledon 22
West Drayton Spring.. 7, 8	Lewes Spring 26, 27
Aldershot Steeplechases 7, 8	Croydon Spring..... 28, 29
Durham 18, 19	Rothbory 28
Newmarket Craven ... 18–22	

MAY.

Newmarket 1st Spring 2—6	Baldoyle 17, 18
Chester 10, 11, 12, 13	Doncaster Spring 19, 20
Winchester 10, 11	Harpenden 20
Co. Louth & Ardee S.C. 10, 11	Bath 24, 25
Salisbury 12, 13	Croydon 1st Summer... 26
Chelmsford 17, 18	Stamford 26, 27
York Spring 17, 18	Epsom Summer ... 31, 1, 2, 3

JUNE.

Wye 7	Newcastle-on-Tyne 21, 22, 23
Manchester..... 8, 9, 10	Newton Summer... 22, 23, 24
Croydon 2nd Summer 8, 9, 10	Hampton Summer..... 23, 24
Ascot..... 14, 15, 16, 17	Bibury Club 29
Windsor June 21, 22	Stockbridge 30, 1

JULY.

Carlisle July 5, 6	Reading 12, 13
Newmarket July 5, 6, 7, 8	West Drayton Summer 14, 15
Sutton Park Summer 5, 6	Knutsford 15, 16
Worcester 7, 8	Huntingdon 19, 20
Pontefract Summer ... 11, 12	Kingsbury Summer ... 21, 22
Nottingham July 12, 13	Goodwood..... 26, 27, 28, 29

AUGUST.

Brighton 2, 3	Bromley 16, 17
Tiverton 3, 4	Stockton..... 17, 18, 19
Brighton Club 4	Oxford 18, 19
Lewes 5, 6	York August 23, 24, 25
Egham 9, 10	Plymouth 25, 26
Wolverhampton 9, 10	Scarborough 29, 30
Windsor August 11, 12	Derby Summer 30, 31
Radcliffe 12, 13	Weymouth 30, 31
Lichfield 16, 17	

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick 6, 7	Hendon..... 22, 23
Abingdon 8, 9	Western Meeting Ayr..... 21, 22, 23
Doncaster Sept. 13, 14, 15, 16	
Hampton Autumn ... 20, 21	Newmarket 1st Oct.... 27–30
Richmond..... 20, 21	Lanark 29, 30

UP COUNTRY.

THEY say the wise men came from the East, and doubtless they were right; and not the least part of their wisdom, if one may judge by their descendants, consisted in their full appreciation of the motto, "Dum vivimus vivamus."

We who have vegetated many years at Mofussilpore and Sultanabad know thoroughly how to avail ourselves of the smallest chance of any new sensation, and to enjoy the good things of this life with a zest unknown to the effete denizen of the West. Dare it be hinted that these remarks are dictated by jealousy: that there once lived a fox who called grapes sour because their tempting clusters hung beyond his reach? Banish the thought. *To live* is not to pass one's life in the round of gilded salons, and in the enervating pursuits of dissipated capitals (my capital has been long since dissipated); but, in the words of the song, "to chase the stag to his slippery crag," &c., to brave the dangers of flood and field, and to earn a night's repose by the sweat of the brow and the prowess of one's rifle.

Whatever may be said against India, it can never be urged that she is deficient in opportunities of sport. If you are not good at a tiger, you can try pig-sticking; and if the spear is not in your line, the country swarms with black buck and nyl-ghai to tempt your rifle, or even lesser game, which to the unsportsmanlike battues of the cover-side in England must always be like caviare to a cold potato.

Tiger shooting and pig-sticking have been done to death in sporting literature, if not elsewhere; and the veriest schoolboy could write you as stirring an account of bowling over a man-eater or spearing a tusker as Dick Walker himself, who has killed his hundred tigers, and of whose prowess among the grunters even the fathers of the Tent Club speak with bated breath. No, I fly at lesser

game, and am content to speak of what would be but a mild morning's sport to such fire-eaters as Dick. Even my old friend, whom every one knows in India, from Saugor Island to Peshawur, and from the Hindoo Koosh to Cape Comorin—Colonel Jute Singh, of the Crammerabad Light Horse—and who would tell you a thrilling story, founded on a much slighter basis, would scorn to descend so low as "buck shooting" for a subject; and therefore I am secure of rivals, and can fight my own cock in the way "I dam please," as Brother Jonathan would say.

Poor M'Donald, of the P. W. D.—who was at the time I mention making a road from Mofussilpore to Jumalpore, and so through to Benares—was my host for a week, on my way to the hills; and one night, as we sat over our brandy pawnee and cheroot in the verandah of his snug bungalow, suggested a quiet morning by ourselves among the deer, away out by the Maharajah's jungles beyond Jumalpore, and I was nothing loth to assent: albeit I was on sick leave, and my traps, including my rifle, had all gone on by bullock dâk to Mussoorie. That difficulty was soon over. "Here you are," said M'Donald; "here's a little French rifle that has done much good service for me. It is light and well balanced, and is quite a gem in its way. See, it is sighted for mètres and centimètres, and all that sort of thing; but you'll soon get into the way of it; or if you don't like it, here's one of Greening's laminated steel barrels, or ——" "Hold, enough." The Frenchman did well enough for me, I saw at a glance, for I am no sportsman; and it would be a good excuse for a bad shot to say that I had made a mistake over the "centimètres," &c. So it was all arranged, and yelling out "*Kaincho Juldee*" to the punkah wallah, I turned over on my grass mat, and was soon asleep. "To sleep, perchance to dream," ay, there's the rub. To wake more likely in half-an-hour, and throw a boot at the drowsy punkah wallah: an oft-repeated operation, culminating in a profound inclination to sleep, in spite of mosquitoes, just as Ram Bux brings the matutinal cup of coffee, and warns you by the monotonous iteration of "Sahib" in your ear, that if "this day the stag must die," you have no time to lose. Amid growling and frequently anathematising the patient, Ram Bux, for a "*soor-ke-Bachhâ*," I dressed, swallowed my coffee, and lit my cheroot, and at four a.m. found myself ready for a start; while a distant rumbling of anything but choice Hindustani apprised me that M'Donald was but yet in the agonies of getting into his boots. And here let me warn my youthful sportsmen not to discard a warm great-coat in the early morning in Upper India, for until the sun rises there is a plaguy chill in the air, and the fog absolutely seems to wrap you round, and whisper "jungle fever" in your ear in anything but a reassuring manner.

"*Chôrdo Syce*," and away we go, bowling along the level road out of the station, our niggers hanging on to the tail of the dogcart, and our cheroots looming like carriage-lamps through the mist; nor may I say cast we one lingering longing look behind to the beds we had left, or the *Chota Hazri* we were wont to enjoy.

"Ay! the mare's country-bred, and a real good one she is," says M'Donald between the puffs of his cheroot. "I bought a pair of 'em down at Buxar last time I was there, and if you are coming back from the hills this way the best thing you can do is to buy them, and I'll wager they'll fetch Rs. 1600 at Hunter's, in Dhurrumtollah, as soon as you get 'em down to Calcutta. They cost me Rs. 200 apiece when I heard the missus was coming out; but one of the boys fell sick, and she has taken a bit longer leave in England, so I don't care to keep them for the work I have to do. Half-past four, is it? Well, we'll be at Jumalpore at five, and it is all eight miles away, and we have come nearly that already;" and so with chat on one subject and another we whiled the time away, and fulfilled M'Donald's prediction by reaching our destination just as the morning was grey in the east, finding the Syces and Khitmutgars who had been sent out over-night with the mare that was to bring us home and an ample breakfast, which was even now being laid out under a banyan tree, a stone's throw from the roadside. "So ho, mare! and now let's take a pick of something while the mist clears off a bit, for I feel as hungry as a hunter," quoth my friend, as we get down and stretch our legs, and the shikaree, who has charge of our guns, brings them forth smiling, with profuse anticipations of a good day's sport for the Lord Sahibs.

So the wing of a fowl and a slice of ham, some of that Bass and a thimblefull of Cognac to top off, and we are prepared for a start. Our "tats," or shooting ponies, follow at a respectful distance; the mist begins to lift, and reveals the broad flat plain before us, bordered on the left with a thin belt of jungle, towards which we make, widening the distance between us at each step, and always keeping the little breeze there is in our faces. Here we come upon some broken ground, and crouching to take advantage of it, we see at no great distance the herd slowly crossing our front. One noble fellow, with a fine pair of horns, seems to act as sentinel, and halts at intervals, gazing round with head erect, and anon trotting forward, as if reassured as to the approach of danger.

Crack goes M'Donald's rifle from a small nullah far to my left, and in the still morning air I distinctly hear the "pat" of the bullet as it hits its mark. A moment the herd stop as if electrified, and then away, bounding over the sandy hillocks in wild and terrified disorder. As they pass my line of fire I take a hasty aim, and have the satisfaction of seeing my bullet kicking up the dust as it ricochets away harmlessly in the distance. At this juncture up comes M'Donald with the ponies: "Up with you sharp, or we shall lose them! that shot was too far, but I hit him, and he won't travel very far. Bless you, I have known black buck take a good round dozen balls through them, and lead you a pretty dance after that."

Keeping the herd in view, and M'Donald with his eye on the stately form of the wounded buck, we give chase, and before long see them diminish their speed, and settle down into a long swinging trot, from which we augur that the halt is not remote: so we dismount, and again proceed to stalk them slowly and cautiously; but our friends seem remarkably wide-awake, and it is with some difficulty we get within range. At last, crack, crack, go our rifles simultaneously. M'Donald has scored again, and, by the way, that doe faltered. I have some hopes that I am not to have a blank day myself. Our chances of bagging the game seem, however, as far off as ever, as the herd dashes off again, raising a cloud of dust, through which, now and then, a dappled hide or pair of horns show us the route to take, as, having again mounted our tattoos, we join in the chase.

"The buck won't go far after that last," said my companion, as he unconsciously slackened his pace; "but they do take a deal of killing, unless you hit 'em just behind the shoulder, when they are dropped at once, and as I hope to show you before the morning is over."

The tracks of blood were getting by this time pretty thick: an evidence that the wounded buck was getting weaker, and unable to keep pace with the rest of the herd; and in less time than it takes to write we had ridden him down, and M'Donald had given him the *coup-de-grace* with his hunting-knife. Shall I tell how I killed the unhappy doe I had so ruthlessly wounded,—how I followed on, and got within close range, within which "mètres" or "yards" signified not, and brought her down with a well-directed shot under the fore-quarter,—or how, in returning, M'Donald brought down another at one hundred yards? It is the old story. The sun was getting high, and we began to long for the shade of our banyan tree, and remounted our tattoos, well satisfied with our morning's work. "As pants the hart for cooling streams:" but here there are no cooling streams, and we get back wearied enough with our exertions. "There's the Bass swinging," enthusiastically cries my friend. "Never ice your beer: always swing it." And I can truly say that never did I enjoy a more delicious draught, sitting in the shade, divided between my attentions to the *pâté de foie gras* and the cool liquor, and afterwards relapsing into the enjoyment of a cheroot. I was almost tempted to question the policy of the previous exertion. Back to the dogcart, before the sun gets too high, swiftly we bowl along back into the quiet station, before the Mofussilites have finished their *hazri*, to the luxury of a cool bath and a siesta; and we had the saddle of that buck for dinner: coarse, but not ill-flavoured. I have the horns now (I don't *wear* them); and let me tell you, that though I have often had more exciting sport, there are few things of which I retain more pleasant recollections than a quiet morning's buck shooting up country.

In the Arena.

THE Oxonians were not long in following the example set them at Cambridge. The eight Mr. Benson steered this week was composed of men who figured in the trials last terms, and from whom the vacancies in last year's eight will be filled up. There will be, as usual, an undoubtedly powerful crew to represent Oxford; and as Easter falls late, there will be plenty of time to add science to the raw material. The great difficulty will be the selection as to who will have the all-important post of stroke. The two who at present appear most likely from whom the selection will be made are Messrs. Woodhouse and Tahourdin. The former will be remembered as having rowed stroke to an Oxford eight at Henley last year, and the latter was one of the victorious crew against Cambridge. Mr. Woodhouse's style, we fancy, is more adapted to the sharp burst over the Henley water than the long drag from Putney to Mortlake of Mr. Tahourdin. We can only state our belief that there is the making of a good stroke-oar in him, if we may judge from his performance at that post in the trial eights last term. Cambridge does not appear to have been very busy the last few days; but the same crew that Mr. Goldie had out last week has been out twice this. They are a fairly powerful set of men, and at present have the appearance, as far as is possible to judge at this early stage, of being trained into a crew above the average of those Cambridge has turned out in recent years. One great advantage they have is in Mr. Goldie as stroke, who is a host in himself.

The running paths at both Universities are just now being greatly patronised by those who intend competing for the representation of their University at the forthcoming sports. The various colleges who have yet to hold their annual sports have not announced the dates, but we presume that they will do so before long. The London Athletic Club have fixed the 2nd April for their first meeting, when the programme will consist of races for the 100 yards, half-mile, mile, and seven miles Challenge Cups which have been presented to the club. The other meetings in 1870 will take place in May, June, October, and November. The meeting in October, like that in April, will be devoted to the Challenge Cup contests. We understand that Lillie Bridge will be the ground this year on which the club sports will come off instead of Beaufort House. This we are glad to hear of, as, to our notion, there is no comparison between the two grounds, although, perhaps, on a very fine day, Beaufort House may be a trifle quicker, but Lillie Bridge is far the most genuine ground.

Our prognostication last week as to the result of the matches between Lord A. Clinton and Mr. Rodger was verified by Mr. Rodger winning the shooting after a very sharp tussle; and having thus won the first two events, it was unnecessary to proceed with the ten-mile walking race.

The match for the billiard championship continues to attract great interest, and there has been a considerable amount of betting on the result, Cook having laid the liberal odds of 20 to 10 himself. We cannot see how, in a game of billiards between two cracks, it can be these odds on either at starting; for although the result may eventually show the correctness of the betting at starting, there is sure to be some stage of the match in which these odds will not be forthcoming; and notwithstanding the foregone conclusion Cook's partisans appear to have formed of the match, we look forward with confidence to seeing John Roberts retire with his long-worn laurels untarnished by defeat.

The concluding run of the Thames Hare and Hounds takes place this afternoon at the usual place of meeting at Roehampton Bottom. The run will be but a short one, but over a stiffish country, where the hounds' jumping capabilities will be fully tested.

Advertisements.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.
Under the Sole Management of Mr. A. Harris.
THIS EVENING (Saturday), Feb. 5th, will be performed Offenbach's Operetta, LISCHEN and FRITZCHEN. Lischen, Miss Julia Mathews; Fritzchen, Mr. Wilford Morgan. After which, at a quarter to eight, the new and Grand Spectacular Pantomime, entitled THE YELLOW DWARF; or, Harlequin Cupid and the King of the Gold Mines. The scenery by Messrs. Hawes Craven, Julian Hicks, Dayes and Caney; also by Messrs. W. Telbin and W. Telbin, jun. Principal characters by Mesdames Julia Mathews, Nelly Power, Craven, Esta, Love, Mrs. A. Cook, and Misses Nelly and Maria Harris; Messrs. J. D. Stoyle, A. Cook, H. Payne, F. Payne, and W. H. Payne. Premiere danseuse, Mdlle. Blanche Ricois. The divertissement and dances arranged by M. Desplaces. Costumes designed by Matt Morgan. The music composed and selected by Mr. Berjemann. The Box-office is open from ten till five. The Pantomime commences at a quarter to eight, and terminates at eleven.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven, and terminate at eleven.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Morning Performance THIS DAY (Saturday)—doors open at half-past one, commence at two—and every Wednesday and Saturday until Saturday, February 26, inclusive. Children and schools at reduced prices to the following parts of the theatre:—First circle, dress circle, and stalls. Box-office open from ten till five daily.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—NOTICE.—Notwithstanding the great success of this Pantomime, the Public is respectfully informed that it CANNOT be PERFORMED after SATURDAY, Feb. 26, in consequence of arrangements having been made for an entire change of performances on Monday, Feb. 28. Therefore, to prevent disappointment, an early application for seats is earnestly requested. Box-office open from ten till five daily.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST; or, Harlequin Old Mother Bunch. Written by E. L. Blanchard. The characteristic scenery by Mr. Wm. Beverley.—THIS EVENING, at 7.45.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Characters in the opening:—Misses Jessie Vokes, Victoria Vokes, Rosina Vokes, Kate Santley, Hudspeth, Hastings, and Harriet Coveney; Messrs. Fred Vokes, Brittain Wright, W. Fawdon Vokes, and F. Moreland.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Clowns, H. Boleno and Little Rowella. Pantaloons, Paul Herring and J. Morris. Harlequins, S. Saville and W. Fawdon Vokes. Columbines, Misses Grosvenor and Jessie Vokes. Harlequina, Miss Rosina Vokes. Price's Christy's Minstrels. Peterson's Performing Dogs. Le Petit Rarey and his Performing Pony. The celebrated Manley Family. The smallest Brass Band in the World, by the Members of the Tyler Family.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Fanciful Ballets, arranged by Mr. John Cormack. Characteristic music, selected by Mr. W. C. Levey. Produced under the direction of Mr. Edward Stirling.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THE MONKEYS.—The most intelligent in all the world, trained by Professor Cormack, B.M., T.R.D.L.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

WIMBLEDON CAMP.—The London Scottish, London Irish, Queen's Westminster, St. George's Rifles, Working Man's Corps, and Royal Artillery efficiently represented by the Drury-lane Juvenile Army of Volunteers, drilled by Brigadier-General Cormack, of the Retired List.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.
NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.—THIS EVENING, and every evening until Saturday, Feb. 12, at seven, A KISS IN THE DARK. At 7.40, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES. Messrs. Buckstone, Chippendale, Howe, Rogers, Braid, and Buckstone, jun.; Miss Robertson, Mrs. Chippendale, Miss C. Hill, and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. To conclude with Planché's Fairy Extravaganza, THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS. King Lachrymosa, Mr. A. Wood; Graceful (the King's Minstrel), Miss Fanny Wright; Queen Lucidora (the Fair One with the Golden Locks), Miss Fanny Gwynne; with Miss Murray and Miss Francis. Box-office open daily from ten to five.

NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.—Mr. Sothern's continued indisposition, and the great attraction of this Comedy, has enabled Mr. Buckstone to repeat the performance of "New Men and Old Acres" until Saturday, Feb. 12. Mr. Sothern will positively appear on Monday, the 14th.
HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Novelty and Attraction.—Great success of the new and original Adelphi Drama, by T. W. Robertson, author of "School," "Caste," &c., called "The Nightingale." Fourth week of a new and original Farce, by the late Robert Brough, called "Open to Conviction."—THIS EVENING, at seven, OPEN TO CONVICTION. Characters by Messrs. G. Belmore, C. H. Stephenson, D. Beveridge, C. J. Smith, Miss Lennox Grey, Mrs. Leigh Murray. After which, with new scenery by Hawes Craven and assistants, the new and original Adelphi Drama, in five acts, by T. W. Robertson, author of "School," "Caste," "Society," &c., entitled THE NIGHTINGALE. Characters by Mr. Benjamin Webster, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, J. D. Beveridge, Miss Eliza Johnstone, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. Caulfield, and Miss Furtado. To conclude with DOMESTIC ECONOMY. Box-office open from ten till five; no fees for booking.

THE NIGHTINGALE, the new and original Drama, by T. W. Robertson, Author of "Caste," "Society," "School," &c.—THIS EVENING.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE NIGHTINGALE.—Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and Miss Furtado.—THIS EVENING.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE NIGHTINGALE, by T. W. Robertson.—New scenery, by Hawes Craven, &c.—ADELPHI THEATRE.

OPEN TO CONVICTION, a glorious new and original Farce, by the late Robert Brough.—EVERY EVENING.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Under the Management of Miss M. Oliver—her Farewell Season at this Theatre. 7.30, LOVE'S DOCTOR; 9.0, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN and RELY ON MY DISCRETION. Mr. Vernon.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Under the Management of the Messrs. Mansell (elegantly redecorated by MacIntosh).
THIS EVENING, the performances will commence at seven, with an entirely new and original Comedy Drama, in two acts, entitled CORRUPT PRACTICES, by A. C. Marshall. Messrs. Coghlan, G. F Neville, G. Vincent, E. Selwyn, and F. Stainforth; Mesdames Louisa Thorne, S. Rignold, Graham, Wilson, and FitzInman. Scenery by Mr. W. Brew. Furniture by Lyons. After which, at 8.45, a three-act Opera Bouffe, in English, entitled CHILPERIC, by Hervé, in which the following powerful company will appear:—Messrs. M. Marius (from the Folies Dramatiques, Paris), G. Vincent, J. Odell, E. Lapierre, Farquharson, Coghlan, and M. Hervé; Mesdames Dolaro, FitzInman, Romanelli, Nellie Nesbitt, M. Dolby, S. Rignold, S. Lawson, L. Morgan, J. Lee, D'Etienne, B. Linden, L. Wilson, R. Egerton, Lily Bell, and Emily Muir. Band and chorus selected from the Opera Houses. Conductor, Mr. Frank Musgrave. Groupings and Ballet by Milano. Dresses by Mr. S. May and assistants. Scenery by Grieve and Son. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven. Box-office open daily, under the direction of Mr. Nugent.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.
AFTER DARK and THE STREETS OF LONDON, Dion Boucicault's two celebrated Dramas. THIS EVENING, at seven, AFTER DARK. Old Tom (his original character), Mr. Vining. Messrs. R. Phillips, Ashley, J. G. Taylor, W. Rignold, D. Leeson, Eburne, Romer; Misses R. Leclerq, E. Barnett. At 9.30, THE STREETS OF LONDON. Concluding with the celebrated fire scene. Badger (his original character), Mr. Vining. Messrs. R. Phillips, Ashley, Stuart, W. Rignold, J. G. Taylor, D. Leeson, Eburne; Mesdames E. Barnett, Stoker, M. Brewer, &c. Box-office open from ten till five.

FORMOSA.—PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—NEXT MONDAY, Feb. 7.—Miss Katharine Rodgers, Mrs. Billington, Miss Brennan, Mr. Rouse, Mr. Ashley, Mr. Rignold, Mr. Leeson, Mr. Phillips.—New scenery by Messrs. Lloyds and Hann.

ASTLEY'S.—E. T. SMITH'S Grand Pantomime, JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK. Artistes engaged: Miss Caroline Parkes, Miss Fosbroke, Miss Howard, Miss Wright, Miss Clair, Miss Seymour, Miss Nellie Ashton, Miss Minnie Foster, Miss Erskine, Madame Rowella. Principal danseuses, Mdlle. Manlie and Mdlle. Marian. Master Percy Roselle, Mr. Garnold, Mr. Coles, Mr. Dudley, Mr. Pritchard, Mr. St Albyn, Mr. Stonnette (the wonderful Clown); Pantaloon, Mr. Beckingham; Harlequin, Mr. Lacy; Sprites, Brothers Furr. Also, the first time in England, the most wonderful performing Elephant in the world, with a Stud of Camels, Dromedaries, Zebras, Horses, Ponies, Dogs, Sheep, Cows, Pigs, and Monkeys, from the Cirque Napoleon, Paris. Morning performances, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at two o'clock. Gallery, 6d.; pit, 1s.; upper boxes, 1s. 6d.; boxes to wear bonnets, 2s.; dress boxes, 3s.; stalls, 5s. Children half price.

QUEEN'S.—Great and Legitimate Success of Tom Taylor's Historical Play, in Five Acts, 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN; or, The Lady Elizabeth. With entirely new Scenery by Messrs. George Gorden and W. Phillips. Orchestra stalls, 7s.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—Mr. Rousby, Mr. Ryder, Mr. H. Marston, Mr. W. Bedford, Mr. G. Rignold, Mr. A. Nelson, Miss Georgina Pauncefort, Miss M. Henderson, Mrs. H. Vandenhoff, and Mrs. Rousby. Balcony, 5s.

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